

"I may be said to be seeking the same ends," replied M'Bride, "though not with sword, lance, and buckler, for I belong to the peace establishment. In short, accidents and crosses at an early age gave me a distaste for business; and, having wandered about till I have nearly spent my slender patrimony, I am looking out for a place where the schoolmaster is needed. When I find such a place, if the people suit me—I am hard to please—and I suit them, I shall bring myself to anchor. Indeed, to be plain with you all, though you are strangers to me, I have a theory which I long to see carried out. We all come into the world with ingenuous, innocent, and honourable hearts: where do all the selfish men and—begging your pardon Mrs. Warden—mischievous women come from?"

"We are corrupted by the world," said Mrs. Warden.

"Exactly," exclaimed the master; "and who corrupts the world? We were all good once. The truth is, parents and teachers take it for granted that other children will be corrupted, and, in self-defence, they teach their own to be cunning, selfish, and double-minded. Now this is a great evil under the sun, and I wish to see how far the schoolmaster can correct it."

"I like your notions," said the parson, "and, if you will remain awhile at Alamance, we'll have some further discourse upon these subjects, and perhaps, too, may find a location that will suit you."

"In which case," said Warden, "I shall look for you to be my guest, and trust we will be able to make you comfortable."

The traveller consented to go with Warden that night, and saw that the arrangement gave no little satisfaction to the boy Henry, whose admiration he had won, by the facility with which he had translated the Latin inscriptions at the grave-yard gate, and who continued to act as his cicerone, introducing him to various people, and showing him all the curiosities about the place. When the services for the day were concluded, the gravity of the congregation seemed considerably abated, and they went round, taking leave of each other, and pressing the parson to go to their houses. He had, however, kindly to refuse all invitations, for he was engaged to go with Warden, who, by the way, had to wait a long time for his reverend friend, as this latter made it a point to attend to their horses all maiden ladies who were without a beau. It may be mentioned, too, by the way, that many of these, who were somewhat advanced in years, desired their spiritual guide to make known to the sedate-looking traveller, that their fathers' houses were ever open for the reception of strangers. Women's hearts are ever kind, and they were moved with affectionate interest when they saw so grave, gen-

tlemanly, and decent-looking a bachelor (as they feared) wandering about, solitary and alone, without a companion to share his sorrows and heighten his joys.

CHAPTER II.

THE DESCRIPTION OF ALAMANCE CONTINUED BY THE PARSON.

THE Rev. Dr. Caldwell and Hector M'Bride sat up late at Warden's, smoking their pipes and discussing various matters. Each one displayed much learning and acuteness, and the parson was so much taken with his new acquaintance that, to induce him to remain at Alamance, he gave the following description of that ancient community.

"Alamance," said he, "was one of the first places settled by the whites in middle Carolina. The lands are fertile, the climate pleasant, and the country healthy, and thus this section of the state early attracted the attention of emigrants. Those who came to settle here were, generally, men of character and substance, and were seeking, not so much to advance their worldly fortunes as to promote their happiness, which was intimately connected with the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom. They were mostly 'Scotch-Irish,' a race of men who, the world over, have been proved to be true to their country, to their friends, and their principles, which are always of a liberal cast. They are Presbyterians in religion, republicans in their political notions, and are ever ready to fight or go to the stake for their opinions. Such were the original inhabitants of Alamance, who, far removed from cities and their fashionable follies and vices, were distinguished in their manners by a primeval simplicity, while their characters displayed the *prisca et incorrupta fides*, the incorruptible integrity, candour, faith, and singleness of heart attributed by the poets to a fabled pastoral age. There was originally in the neighbourhood (and it is a large one) but one merchant, and not a single trader at large, by which last term I mean that sort of professional character that prowls about society, flourishing on the vices which he propagates, and the necessities he creates. Nearly every family in the whole community was, and even now is, in independent circumstances, and some are even rich. Still there are no grades and coteries in society; no parties in politics; and no hostile religious sects warring rancorously on each other, and claiming as their object the diffusion of a spirit of Christian philanthropy. My parishioners are generally severe in their judgment on themselves, charitable to the failings and shortcomings of others, and, though frugal in their expenditures, ever